

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1992 • \$5.95

## Gala Christmas Issue

**THE NEW JESSICA HAHN,  
SHE'S NAUGHTY AND  
NICE ENOUGH TO BE IN  
SANTA'S DREAMS**

**SEX IN SPACE  
BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

**PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE  
BASKETBALL PREVIEW**

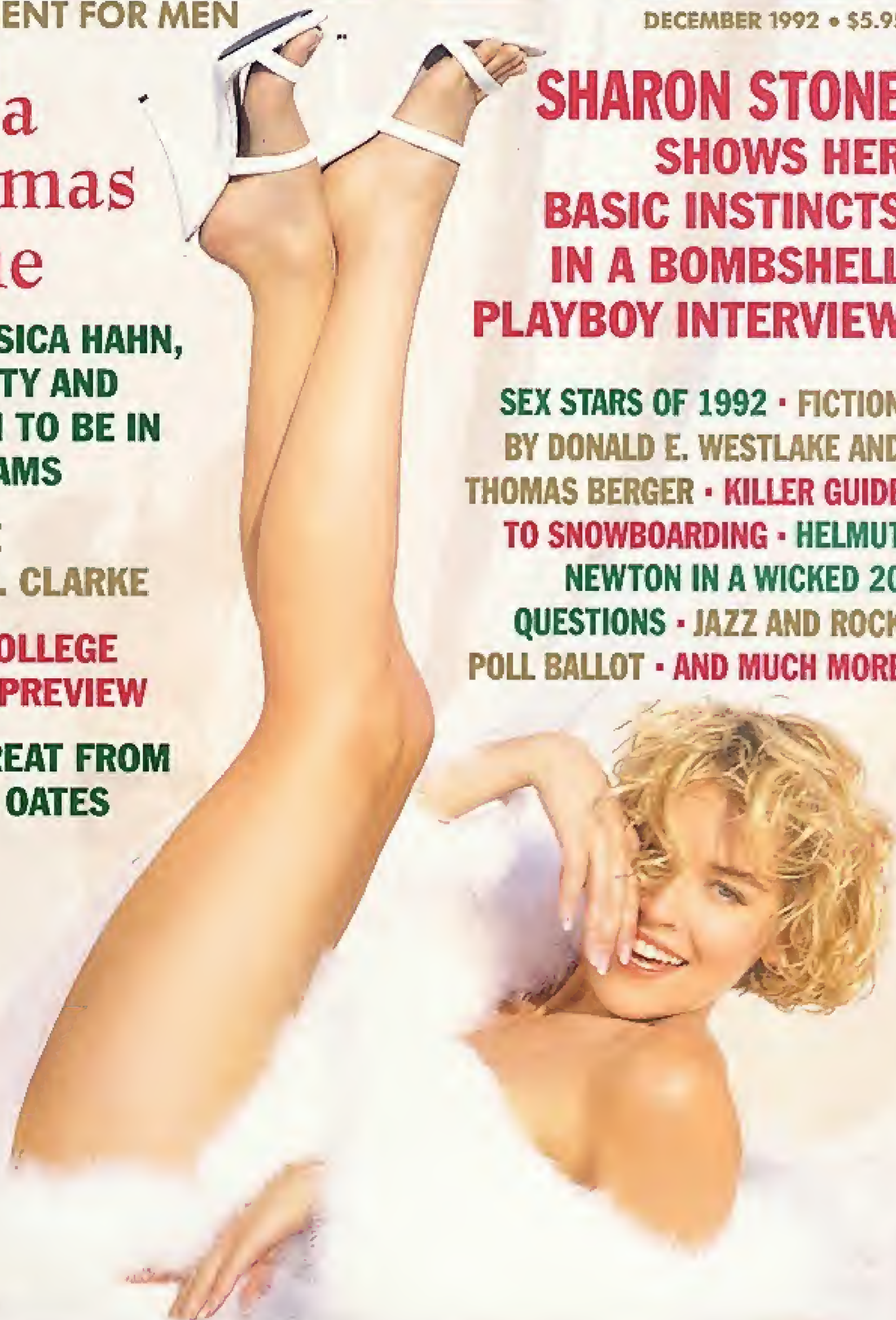
**A HOLIDAY TREAT FROM  
JOYCE CAROL OATES**

**LEGENDARY  
PINUP  
BETTY PAGE**

**PENN AND  
TELLER  
GET VERY  
STRANGE**

**SHARON STONE  
SHOWS HER  
BASIC INSTINCTS  
IN A BOMBSHELL  
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**SEX STARS OF 1992 • FICTION  
BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE AND  
THOMAS BERGER • KILLER GUIDE  
TO SNOWBOARDING • HELMUT  
NEWTON IN A WICKED 20  
QUESTIONS • JAZZ AND ROCK  
POLL BALLOT • AND MUCH MORE**



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*"Holy gee, Spidey! You've sideswiped Santa!"*



# "MY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME ARE UP. NOT!"

in her third, and best, pictorial performance, jessica hahn celebrates her new life, great looks and burgeoning tv career



JESSICA HAHN is the very model of modern celebrity. She is famous for being famous. And the best thing is, she knows it. "People come up to me and say, 'I know you. Who are you? What are you famous for?' I say, 'I'm Jessica. I was created by the media.'" While the press, and *PLAYBOY*, were indeed present at the creation, there are signs that Hahn is now managing her own evolution quite nicely. She first recaptured our attention with a knockout performance on *Married . . . with Children*. Ironically, the show's execs had worried about approaching her: Would Hahn find the role of Ricki, a "shoe groupie" who turns up in salesman Al Bundy's bed, beneath her? No way, she told them, "I'll pretend he's a preacher." On the heels of that success came a recent HBO gig and other acting offers, along with her third *PLAYBOY* pictorial—her most bounteous and beautiful so far. And that's no surprise: Jessica now exercises religiously to perfect her body. And, to keep her career in shape, she reads the trade papers and studies the TV to hone her celeb savvy. "Scandal fame is short-term," she says sagely, and she wants to earn the more lasting kind. She tapes messages for a 900 line, Love Phone, and does personal appearances to pay the bills. She would be the poster girl for the puritan work ethic if puritans didn't hate sex. As a veteran of the scandal wars, she even gets asked for advice by fellow shock troopers. Gennifer Flowers (Bill Clinton's professed amour) requested Jessica's opinion of her business cards, which featured a brightly lipsticked mouth. "I wanted to say, 'Lose the kiss lips, Gennifer.'"

Jessica has plenty of hard experience on which to base her advice. Five years ago she helped bring down preacher Jim Bakker's empire by relating how the televangelist mistreated her in an extramarital affair. Along the way, Jessica talked with Koppel, Donahue, Larry King, Geraldo, Howard Stern and anyone else who had a live mike, including Joan Rivers, who sent her roses. Jessica posed for *PLAYBOY*, had Michael Jackson's cosmetic surgeon boost her bust, posed for *PLAYBOY* again, spent almost a million bucks and decided she needed a job. Famous is fine, but you can't pay rent with an autograph unless it's on a valid check. In 1988 she became the sultry radio voice of KOY-FM in Phoenix for \$350 a week, plus a car and a hotel room. Ratings zoomed, then fell. Dumped by KOY, she guested on airwaves coast to coast, earning \$5000 to \$7000 for a few days' chat. She was a cartoon celeb who made radio call letters ripple wildly on her T-shirt. "I was everyone's publicity











stunt." But those gigs dried up. When she heard that Joan Rivers had told Stern, Hahn's radio guru, not to bring her to a party, allegedly saying, "I don't want any blow jobs at my Christmas party," Jessica was hurt—and offended. The still-religious Hahn says only half in jest, "You don't use the words blow job and Christmas in the same sentence." Soon Jessica went into the Arizona desert to shout at the sky. "I was stripped, physically and emotionally, pleading and praying and cursing God." That was the low point. Solace came from an uncannily appropriate source: A new preacher came into her life. Instead of the abusive Bakker, she took up with former minister turned gonzo comic Sam Kinison, with whom she had a stormy affair. Rising from despair, Jessica went to L.A. and made a hit video, *Wild Thing*, with Kinison and a Who's Who of



















rockers. It made her a name with the MTV generation. Sam and Jessica were soon trysting on Sunset Strip. One night they checked into a hotel. Jessica hoped to avoid attention, but Kinison stopped at the elevator and yelled to a gathering crowd, "Hey! I'm with Jessica! We're going upstairs, *and guess what we're gonna do!*" Kinison, famously hard living, died a hard death as well, perishing in a car crash earlier this year. Jessica eulogized him on *Entertainment Tonight*. For that, her critics call her shameless. Jessica does not disagree. "Hey, I lost my reputation a long time ago. Now I just try to do what's right. If I have to, I'll apologize later."

Taking the role of Ricki, who woos Al Bundy (Ed O'Neill) on *Married . . . with Children* (below), was Hahn's choice. As a solo act with no agent and no entourage, she says: "I have no one but me to blame, to depend on or to be proud of."











*"To you, I'm just another plaything!"*





*"We've added a new kink to the piñata tradition!"*



# THE BETTY BOOM

the queen of fifties pinups, belly page, makes her comeback as nineties cult goddess. here, a fan's obsession

TEXT BY BUCK HENRY

**T**HE FIRST TIME I saw her was during the mid-Fifties on a balmy fall afternoon in New York. I was standing outside the 14th Street building on whose side was painted the giant sign for IRVING KLAU PINUP PHOTOS. A door opened and she came out into the street. Men and women turned to look at the long legs, the white, white skin and the black, black, black hair cut in bangs straight across her forehead. And, of course, the smile. It was the smile that could break your heart.

The oft-told Betty Page story is peculiar—a morality tale with no discernible moral, not much plot and a leading character who is at best elusive. But that doesn't stop us from trying to glean some insight into her never-flagging popularity or from trying to construct some new theory about why she abandoned us.

The known facts of the story have been reexamined, rehashed and recycled for three decades, mostly by diehard fans (such as myself) who used the memory of her or the images of her or the memory of the images of her to fuel our fantasies. The story itself is banal: She came, she failed utterly to achieve her dream, she split.

And yet. And yet: She was known as the Queen of Curves, Miss Pinup of the World, the Queen of Hearts, the Dark Angel, etc.

An estimated half a million pictures were taken of her by almost every professional and amateur photographer in New York—including the renowned Weegee, who once climbed into a bathtub with her to get a shot, tried to cop a feel and got smacked.

She left her cheesecake competition in the dust, appearing countless times on the covers and in the pages of every major and minor girlie magazine in the world.

And then there are the 8mm



films: Betty dancing (a kind of hula, a sort of hootchy-kootchy, a facsimile of flamenco), Betty wandering around in stiletto heels as steep as a stepladder and sharper than Ginsu knives, Betty modeling her own homemade lingerie, Betty brushing her hair.

That was then. This is now:

- *The Betty Pages*, a pocket-sized magazine (three issues for 15 bucks) devoted to photographs of and information about Betty, is published biannually by Black Cat Books. The *Betty Pages Annual*, a glossy, high-quality 168-page book, sells for \$14.95.
- Mother Productions markets a series of Betty Page collector cards, with 40 cards to a deck.
- The *Betty Page 3-D Picture Book* comes complete with two pairs of 3-D glasses.
- The Independent Press in Minneapolis, among others, markets Betty Page postcards that are sold worldwide. I found one in an airport rack in Zimbabwe.
- For the past two years, the Atlanta Comics Expo has conducted a Betty Page look-alike contest (FILL THESE BANGS AND WIN \$1000). Some of the beauties are men.
- The Prop Theater in Chicago this fall presented a full-length play: *The Betty Page Story*.
- Huge paintings of Betty can be seen hanging on the walls of apartments, houses and art galleries in several feature films.
- She is the model for characters in dozens of contemporary comic books, cartoons and advertisements.
- Her likeness is now one of the most popular tattoo-parlor selections in the United States. I know a guy in his early 20s who has Betty inscribed on his torso from his neck to—well—below his belly button.

Almost all the artists, writers and publishers turning out this endless stream of material are too young to have known her or even to have subscribed to the magazines or mail-order companies that made her image so ubiquitous. Who the hell was she?

She was born on April 22, 1923, in Kingsport, Tennessee, the daughter of Roy and Edna Page. She had at least one brother and at least one sister.

Betty's back in print! Her stint as the girlfriend in Dave Stevens' comic book, *The Rocketeer*, is credited with jump-starting the new Betty craze. That's his playful Betty above. Greg Theakston sleuthed down her biography for his fanzine, *The Betty Pages*, and adapted her portrait in the poster at right.







30116  
HEAKSTON









She grew up in Nashville, where, at Hume-Fogg High School, she seemed to be involved in every student activity. After graduation, armed with an excellent scholastic record and a DAR scholarship, she attended Nashville's Peabody College, where she earned her B.A. degree and a teaching certificate. For a short time, she taught English at a local high school. It is said that she quit because, in the presence of her great looks, the boys in her class were uncontrollable. I don't think so. I think she quit because, simply, she wanted something else.

Around 1944 Betty went to Hollywood. She took classes: acting, singing, dancing. She tried to get rid of her Tennessee drawl. Someone gave her a screen test. Mostly, she got propositioned. She married a man named Billy and moved to Pennsylvania.



Betty trading cards—available through catalogs and from Pageophiles—immortalize many of the hundreds of nude and semi-nude poses she made famous in the Fifties.



Showing off her spots: Opposite, the fun-loving gal is on location in one of the more athletic of her many outdoor poses. Above left, a classic studio pose, and above, Betty looking young and vulnerable with her hair uncharacteristically pulled back. Fans loved the enthusiastic girl-next-door outdoor poses that Betty offered on the day-long excursions set up for the amateur camera clubs of the Fifties. Below, Betty cools off in the surf.







Above, a spectacular beach-beauty shot. Left, Betty as vixen, another aspect of her personality. Right, a fantasy Betty in high, high heels and tattoos from the easel of artist Olivia De Bernardinis.



**T**here are no photographs from this period. The screen test has disappeared—and so has Billy.

The marriage broke up and in 1948 she arrived in New York. She was 25 years old. She rented an apartment in a converted brownstone on West 46th Street and worked as a typist for a company on Wall Street. She started to take acting classes. She worked out in a gym every day. She didn't smoke and didn't drink. She carried a brick in her purse to bash any would-be molester.

She was determined to become an actress. Why not? Anything is possible in New York.

We came to New York by the thousands—particularly after wars—starry-eyed kids drunk with ambition and movie-magazine success stories. We carried a suitcase in one hand and a piece of paper with a telephone number—someone's uncle, someone's friend, someone's agent—in the other.









W

e lived in rent-controlled apartments, waiting for that big break, working in restaurants, driving cabs, moving furniture, hawking Bibles door-to-door, playing chess for money in Washington Square, even stealing.

We made the rounds, surely the most demeaning, ego-busting method of seeking employment ever invented. We lied about our credits, our ages and our heights. We pretend-

ed we could tap-dance, speak with a Russian accent, juggle, fence, ride horses bareback. We sucked up to producers, agents, assistants, secretaries, anyone. We smiled at strangers.

On a summer day in 1952, a photographer saw Betty at Jones Beach, took some (text continued on page 239)



Three-dimensional curves: Glasses with colored lenses were tucked into the 3-D pinup magazines of the Fifties. They could hardly improve the spectacular black-and-whites that are collected and reprinted by thousands of new fans in the Nineties. Here's another sampling: Betty as beach bunny, as the quintessential nude model, as stylish and sultry vamp. And last, our sweet Santa Betty. Readers who are looking for more Betty can consult Bud Plant's Incredible Catalog (P.O. Box 1689, Grass Valley, CA 95945) for comics, T-shirts, figurines, trading cards, postcards, buttons, posters and a video of all her movie shorts.





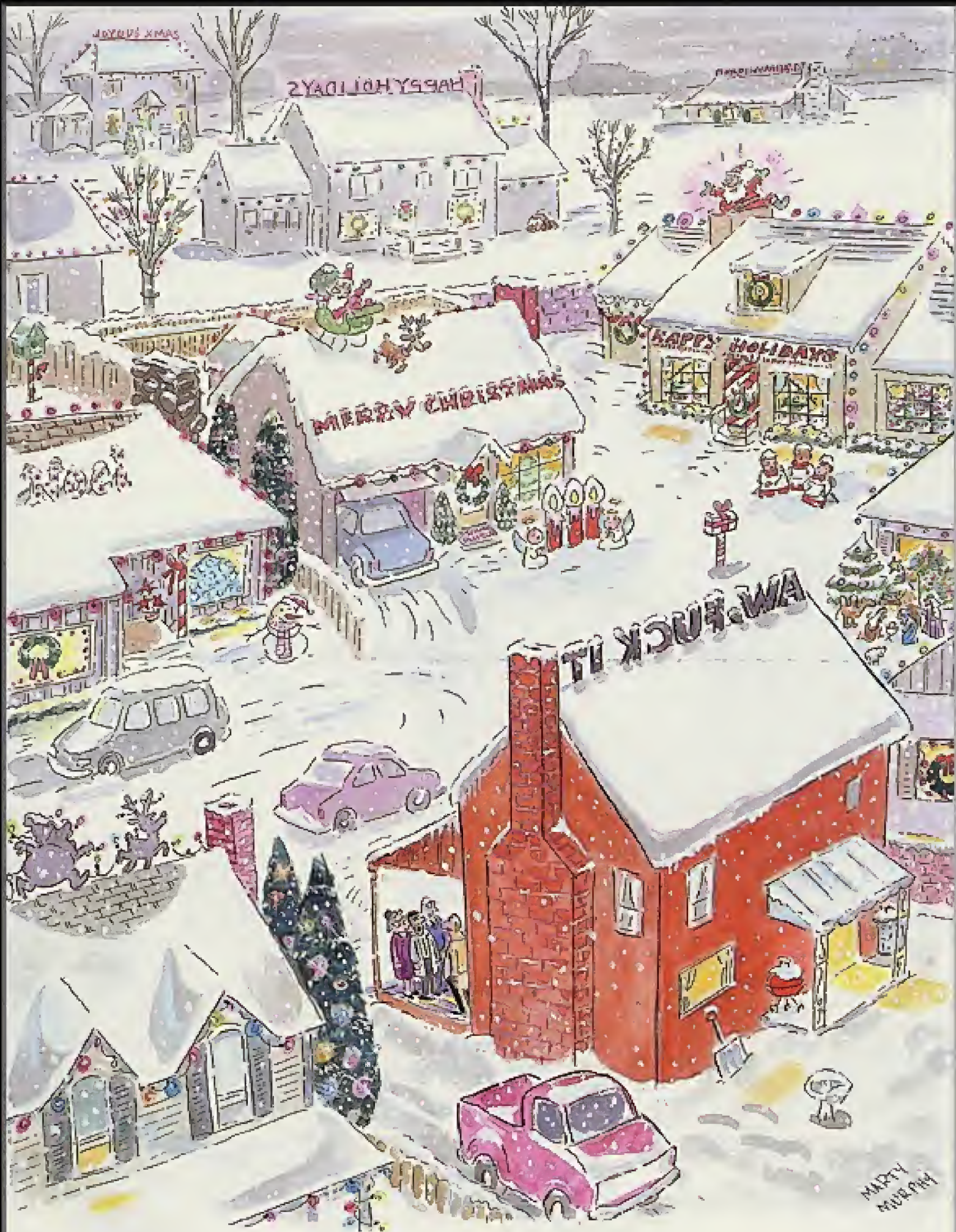






*"She's built like you, only not so dramatically."*





"We're from the decoration committee."



# THE MOORE THE MERRIER

it is miss december's destiny  
to brighten your holiday season



IT WAS A rainy night in Nashville when the lights went out. Barbara Moore was walking down Acklen Avenue, turning men's heads just like always, when it happened. Zap! A bolt of lightning whams down about 12 inches from her pretty ankles. Streetlights are blinking and so is she, tiptoeing down the avenue, thinking, "I almost didn't live to turn twenty-two." You might get a country song out of this popular local gal's brush with that bolt. Call it *One Foot Over and I'm Six Feet Under* maybe, or *You Can't Hide, You're Ionized*. But Barbara never gave it much thought. She was busy setting Nashville afire with looks and charm, and anyway, a near-zap experience wasn't the first unusual event in her life. "A life full of excitement, that's a good life," says Barbara, now 24. Who else do you

know whose earliest memory is of flying wingovers? Barbara's dad was a pilot in the Pacific Northwest, where she grew up. He'd often give the kids a thrill on family outings. Who else do you know who has worked a slime line? Barbara did, at a salmon cannery in Ketchikan, Alaska, where she gutted fish as they passed on a conveyer belt. She has been a flight attendant, a tournament polo player, a model and an actress who has made videos with Waylon Jennings, Hank Williams, Jr., and Reba McEntire that have aired nationally on TNN and CMT. Now

A fan of the Fifties—a Cold War decade that needed some Moore warmth—Miss December is an accomplished sock hopper (above). She lambadas and dirty dances, too. It's OK with her if you watch: "I love being the center of attention."









"I like to make a man feel good. Nothing's wrong with that," says Barbara. But she wants to feel good, too. "People tell me two things: 'You sure make me comfortable' and 'You sure need a lot of attention.'"

she is Miss December—a woman you're sure to love if you desire a little excitement. After American Eagle airlines brought flight attendant Barbara to Nashville in 1987, she tried her hand at modeling. Local TV ads and a national spot for Toyota—as the blonde in shades and a barely there red dress—led to videos with some of country music's biggest stars. During the shooting of Waylon Jennings' video *Wrong*, Jennings jokingly called Barbara "double ugly." She was a cheating wife in Reba McEntire's *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia* and spiced up Charlie Daniels' *Honky Tonk Life*. It was heady work for someone who had once chased musicians. "My friend Jennifer and I went to concerts, and we never bought tickets. There was always a guy out back who got brownie points if he brought pretty girls backstage," she









"Making love in the dark? No thank you. I like to see what I'm doing and who I'm doing it with. We'll put one candle by the bed and one on the dresser across the room. There, that's perfect."











says. "He was the guy to show off for." Barbara still likes showing off, but she's more sophisticated these days. Rather than slipping through the stage door with a smile and a twitch of her hips, she now takes *PLAYBOY*'s center stage as the season's star. "This will help my career because everybody everywhere will see me," she says, "but that's not the big thing." What is? "The fun. Talk about being the center of attention—I *love* having my picture taken." Her life was charmed already. When the airline offered a job in any of three towns, she chose Nashville because her uncle Gene once spent time there and liked it. Or none of this might have happened. Unless, as Barbara believes, fate carried her to the centerfold: "I dreamed of this for so long, it had to happen." Remember that lightning bolt? It never had a chance.









MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Barbara Moore*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Barbara Moore

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8.21.68 BIRTHPLACE: Spokane, Washington

AMBITIONS: To be successful, travel the world, learn new languages and have a life full of excitement.

TURN-ONS: Sexy dressing, Harleys, intimate conversations, cooking for two, confident men and lots of attention.

TURN-OFFS: Men who have no respect for women, bad grammar, itchy clothes, lip smacking, overbearing cologne and slowpokes.

DREAM TREK: An African safari - pitching a tent among the zebras, elephants and lions. What a thrill to be so close to life at its wildest!

THE MAN I LOVE: A smart, sexy businessman who can make me laugh, and who sends shivers through my body when I think about him.

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE: I worked the slime line at a salmon cannery.

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS: Is to look like this forever.



Go Bearcats!



Aloha from Seattle



The Wild One



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**D**octor, I'm really worried about my husband," the woman told the psychiatrist. "He has multiple personalities, all of them comic-book characters. Now he thinks he's Batman."

"It's too bad he didn't get treatment earlier," the shrink said, "but with intensive therapy, I think I can cure him."

"I guess that would be the best thing to do," the woman replied. Then, with a slight shrug, she added ruefully, "but Robin is so good with the kids."



**W**hile driving along the back roads of a small town, two novice truckers came to an overpass with a sign that read CLEARANCE 11'3". They got out and measured their rig, which was 12'4" high.

"What do you think?" one asked the other.

The driver looked around carefully, then shifted into first. "Not a cop in sight. Let's take a chance!"

**A** diminutive fellow walked into a bar and within minutes was being pushed around by a huge bully. The little guy pushed back. "You'd better watch who you're pushing, pimple face!" he warned the big guy.

"You're pretty nervy for a shrimp. Just who do you think you are?"

"Look, dumba, I come from a long line of jumpers. My great-grandfather jumped with no parachute from a balloon. My grandfather jumped without a chute from a biplane. My mother and father both jumped without chutes from a jet. And tomorrow," he boasted, "I jump from a rocket."

"You're crazy, peewee," the big bully said. "You'll get killed."

"So what?" came the reply. "I have no family."

**W**hen the attorney filed a motion for a new trial for his client, the judge angrily asked, "On what grounds?"

"Your Honor," the lawyer explained, "my client has discovered some money I didn't know he had."

**I**t got so cold during the football game that by the third quarter, the diehard fan was nearly alone in the stands, wrapped snugly in a blanket. He soon caught the eye of a young lady shivering nearby and spread the blanket open as an invitation. She gratefully slid next to him and cuddled up.

Soon they got better acquainted. He told her he was a lawyer and that his name was Irv. She told him that she was a model and that her name was Andrea. They snuggled closer. "Is it true," he whispered, "that models shave off all their body hair?" She said that it was true.

After a lot more warming up, he chuckled. "You haven't worked as a model lately, have you?"

"No, I haven't," she said, giggling, "and your name's not Irv, either."

**H**ow do you get a blonde up on the roof? Tell her the drinks are on the house.

**M**ichael Milken was nervous his first day in prison because his cellmate looked like a tough customer. "Don't worry," the gruff fellow said, "I'm in for a white-collar crime, too."

"Is that right?" Milken said, relieved.

"Yeah," said the prisoner. "I killed a priest."



**A** young polar bear asked his mother, "Hey, Mom, tell me the truth. Am I one hundred percent polar bear?"

"You sure are," his mother replied. "I'm one hundred percent polar bear and your father is one hundred percent polar bear."

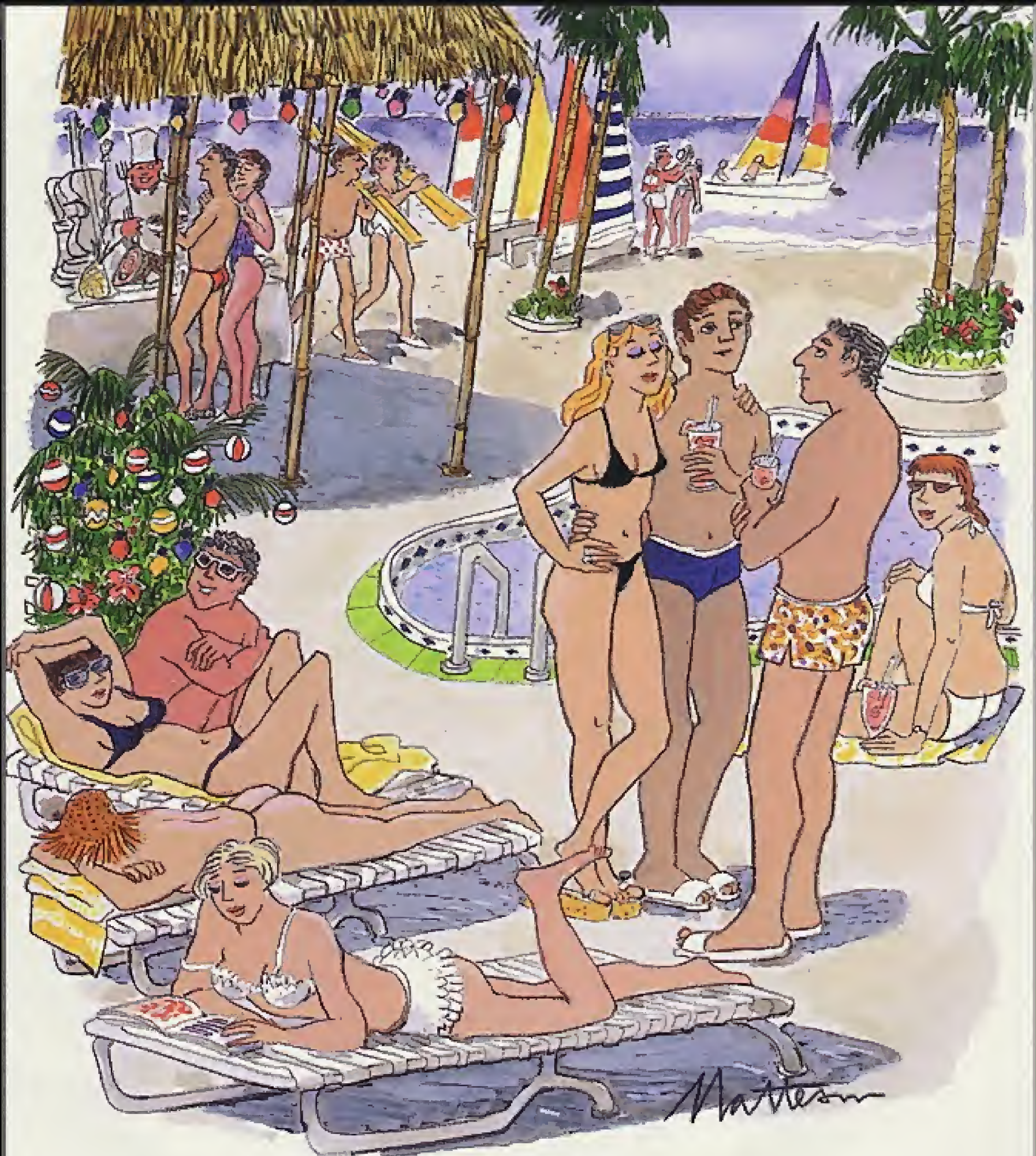
Not completely satisfied with the answer, the youngster asked his father the same thing.

"Well, son," his dad told him, "all your grandparents and great-grandparents were one hundred percent polar bears, so you are one hundred percent polar bear as well. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know," he said. "It's just that I'm fucking freezing."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"Sure, I miss the traditional Christmas—but one copes."*





SHARON STONE  
Bi, bi baby



MICHAEL DOUGLAS  
Tough cop

# SEX STARS 1992

they have news for you: this year, tough is terrific and bald is beautiful

text by **JIM HARWOOD** If rumors counted, both of this year's presidential candidates might have qualified as Sex Stars of 1992. But Sex Stars are judged by a higher standard and must ultimately overcome the competition in a distinctly different list of primaries. This year witnessed the triumph of tough.

Madonna, a perennial Sex Star, was rivaled by Sharon Stone, definitely a sharp pick—as evidenced by her *Playboy* Interview in this issue. Madonna offered fewer outrageous opinions (text continued on page 190)

**GREAT INSTINCTS:** SHE'S GOT HOLLYWOOD BREATHING HEAVY trumpeted the cover blurb on *PLAYBOY*'s July 1990 issue, which featured Sharon Stone outside and in. Her sizzling performance as a bisexual murder suspect who snares detective Michael Douglas in 1992's *Basic Instinct* has the entire world catching its breath.





LA TOYA JACKSON  
French toast



DEMI MOORE  
Uncover girl





ELIZABETH WARD GRACEN  
Campaign contribution





**MADONNA**  
Profit center

**HOT OFF THE PRESSES:** Some Sex Stars just naturally inspire controversy. La Toya Jackson's autobiographical feud with her parents didn't hurt her shows at Paris' Moulin Rouge. Demi Moore reappeared on *Vanity Fair's* cover in her body-painted birthday suit, and rumor linked former Miss America Elizabeth Ward Gracen to Bill Clinton. Madonna was hard at work on a book of erotic fantasies. Guns n' Roses singer Axl Rose was busted for his actions during a concert riot, Roxanne Pulitzer got involved in her beau's child custody case and comedian Sandra Bernhard resuscitated the Playboy Bunny.



**AXL ROSE**  
Top Gun



**ROXANNE PULITZER**  
Co-respondent correspondent

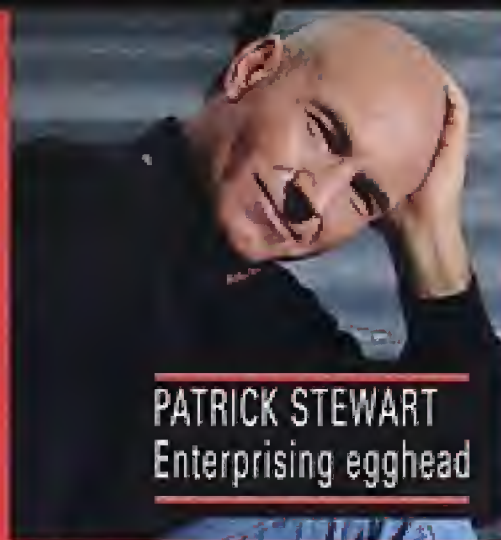


**SANDRA BERNHARD**  
Honey Bunny





**MICHELLE PFEIFFER**  
Sex kitten



**PATRICK STEWART**  
Enterprising egghead



**MICHAEL JORDAN**  
Bull and bare



**SIGOURNEY WEAVER**  
Close shaver

**SEXPOTPOURRI:** There was no single route to sex stardom this year. Michelle Pfeiffer retained her stellar status with a stint as *Batman*'s Catwoman, while newcomer Jane March won critics' plaudits in *The Lover*'s interracial romance. Demonstrating that bald is beautiful, Patrick Stewart of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* was surprise winner of a *TV Guide* poll as The Most Boda-





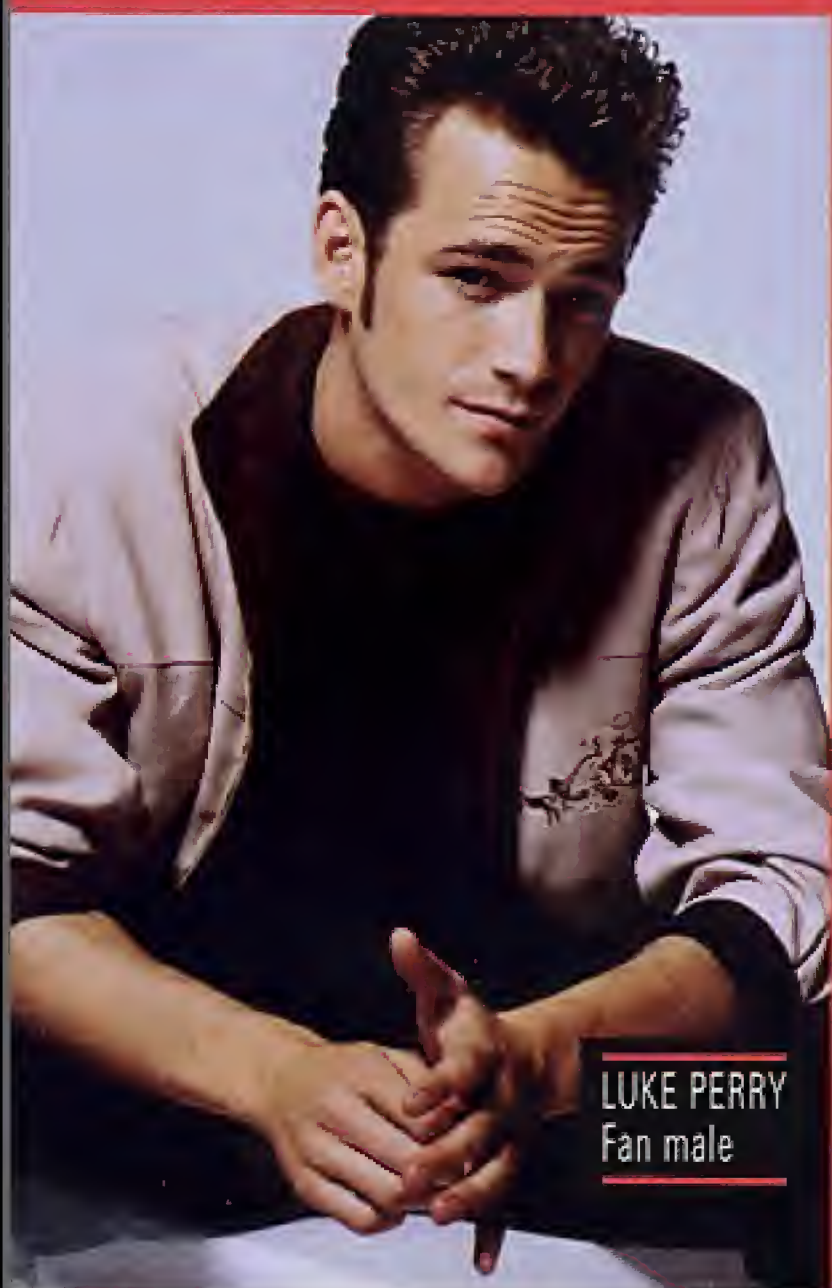
JANE MARCH  
Hello, young *Lover*





**BILLY ZANE**  
Cable ready

cious Man on TV, Michael Jordan repeated as the NBA's MVP and Sigourney Weaver got scalped for *Alien<sup>3</sup>*. On cable, Billy Zane scores in *Lake Consequence*. Teens sighed for Luke Perry of *Beverly Hills, 90210*; Geena Davis homered with *A League of Their Own*.



**LUKE PERRY**  
Fan male



**GEENA DAVIS**  
Diamond's best friend





RACHEL WILLIAMS  
Cover girl



CLAUDIA SCHIFFER  
Paparazzi's prey

**CAMERA READY:** Models' faces are even more famous than those of Hollywood sirens these days, and, in a welcome trend, they're showing off their bodies as well. Rachel Williams has graced many a magazine cover, including (in February of this year) ours. Claudia Schiffer has another calendar coming out. Meanwhile, she sued *R.O.M.E.* magazine for publishing sneaked dressing-room photos. Pepsi ad campaigner Cindy Crawford doubles as MTV's fashion correspondent. Joan Severance combines acting with ads for *The Limited*, while Christy Turlington stars in George Michael's video *Freedom*.



CINDY CRAWFORD  
Pretty for Pepsi







JOAN SEVERANCE  
Unlimited



CHRISTY TURLINGTON  
Vid kid





PAMELA ANDERSON  
TV serious



ERIKA ELENIAC  
Sexy with Seagal

**WE SAW 'EM FIRST:** Can we pick them or what? These blonde beauties were PLAYBOY centerfolds before fame on TV, film and advertising. Pamela Anderson, Miss February 1990, added a *Baywatch* role to her gig in *Home Improvement*; July 1989 Playmate Erika Eleniak appears in Steven Seagal's new movie, *Under Siege*; and Miss May 1992, Vickie Smith, turns up everywhere in the new Guess jeans ad campaign.







VICKIE SMITH  
Guess who?



# NO DUMPING







"Say, who's your sorcerer?"



# GRAPEVINE



## Nothing Alien Here

Actress SIGOURNEY WEAVER is no longer fighting aliens. Now she's Queen Isabella, co-starring with Gérard Depardieu and Armand Assante in *1492*. For a royal peek at the real Sigourney, check out the outfit.

JOHN GRANT/REYNOLDS

## As Christina's World Turns

Attention trekkers: Remember seeing CHRISTINA PERALTA in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*? Or did you catch her on cable in *Princess Warrior*? Here, Christina's checking us out.



JILL SHERMAN



JOE JAMES/OUTLINE GROUP INC.

## Rappers Delight

Not all rap is message driven, you know. Some of it is funny. Want more? Get the BEASTIE BOYS' latest LP, *Check Your Head*, then look in concert listings for a fall U.S. tour. You'll be laughing with them.

## Come See the Paradise

Starlet LYNETTE PARADISE has been featured in movies, commercials and on TV, performing with the Mighty Carson Art Players on *The Tonight Show*. Now it's time to kick back.



A. MARK/ONYX





## Do You Believe in Magic?

If you missed out on the return of JOHN PRINE in concert with Cowboy Junkies' MARGO TIMMONS, get his LP *The Missing Years*. Margo's back in the studio with her bandmates, and John is ready for Prine time again.



## Bellying Up to the Bar at Bruce's

Every so often, actor BRUCE WILLIS heads for the bar to make a drink or two. Now he does it occasionally at Planet Hollywood, the New York watering hole he co-owns. See him with Meryl Streep and Goldie Hawn in *Death Becomes Her*, then head over for a drink with the real Sam Malone.



## Wet, Wild and Wonderful

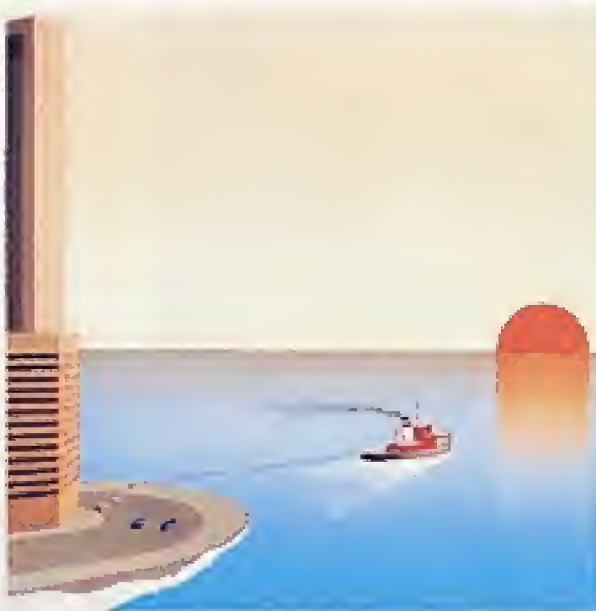
ADRIANNE SACHS was the leading lady in Queensryche's video. She visited *Fantasy Island*, tangled with RoboCop and stopped over in the soap *Another World*. She can shoot a pistol, ride a motorcycle and break a strong man's heart. We know what we like and we like Adrianne.



# NEXT MONTH



GOOD INTENTIONS



BAILING OUT



SIZZLING CELLULOID



JOAN'S BACK

**"BOBBY SQUARED"**—A MIDDLE-AGED SUBURBAN SCHOOL-TEACHER HOOKS UP WITH A STRIPPER TURNED DRUG DEALER AND GETS MUCH MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR WHEN SHE JOINS HIM FOR A FACE-OFF IN A FLORIDA SWAMP—FICTION BY PAT JORDAN

**PATRICK STEWART** REVEALS THE MYSTERY AT THE HEART OF *STAR TREK*, TELLS WHY HE REGRETS NEVER HAVING PLAYED HAMLET AND—FOR THE LAST TIME—DISCUSSES HIS HAIR IN AN ENTERPRISING "20 QUESTIONS"

**"GOOD INTENTIONS"**—FORGING A CAMPAIGN ALLIANCE WITH THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS COULD BE THE TICKET FOR AN AMBITIOUS CANDIDATE HELL-BENT ON WINNING THE WHITE HOUSE—FICTION BY JOHN VARLEY

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